

Time Travel Adventures Of Future Anarchists

Season 1

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Premise

In the year 2600, the people of Earth live in a voluntary society.

At a historical education center, people go in a time machine to experience history first hand.

Episode 1

Scene 1

The historical guide for the next tour is meeting a small group of tourists and prepping them for the journey. They are in a large, vaulted atrium.

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to see violent authoritarianism from history. The specific places we'll visit today will be The Congo and what used to be called Belgium. Before we begin, have any of you time traveled before?

Guy In Fedora: Was that question meant to be paradoxical?

Miles (cringing): No, not at all. Ok, so here is how the tour works. Once we step into the time machine...

Lady In Sundress interrupts.

Lady in Sundress: Where is the time machine? I don't see it.

Miles: The time machine will be revealed in just a moment. Now, please understand that we will actually be in the Congo in the late 19th century. We should be at a safe distance, but if we do come into close contact with people of that period, please refrain from telling them of future events.

Old Woman: Is that so we don't destroy the fabric of space-time?

Miles: I'm not so sure the consequences would be so dramatic in the extreme, but yes, musing the timeline is frowned upon, I'm afraid.

Chinese Man In Hawaiian Shirt: Hey, I can't understand you.

Miles: Hmmm, perhaps there's a malfunction with your instantaneous multi-lingual translator.

Guy In Fedora (skeptical): How are we supposed to trust the time machine if you can't even make a simple translator work?

Miles: Control panel, please. (a control panel appears before him) Ah, that's it, widget number two was offline. (to Chinese man) Can you understand me now?

Chinese Man (content smile): Ah, very good.

Miles: Ok, now, where were we? I covered non-interference. Ah, yes, please don't taunt the locals about their primitive belief in external authority. It may seem ludicrous to us now, but at that time people believed external authority to be as natural as water or air.

Lady In Sundress: That's sad.

Miles: Indeed. Now, as a safety measure, we use invisible full body nano-armor, just in case someone decides to take a shot at you. I'll now activate the armor. (presses button on control panel) The armor is now activated, and if there are no further questions, we will step into the time machine atrium.

Guy In Fedora: I don't see the armor.

Miles (bites lip): That's because it's invisible. Ok, let's go!

Miles walks towards a green archway. All follow. They pass through the archway and into another atrium, where there is a giant 21 foot penguin-shaped time machine.

Old Woman: What is that?

Miles: That's the time machine.

Chinese Man: Why is the time machine a giant penguin?

Miles: I suppose because whoever built it really likes penguins?

Guy In Fedora: No need for huffy answers.

Miles: That wasn't my intention. Now please, if everyone is ready, I invite you to step into the giant penguin-like structure.

Everyone walks in and is surrounded by kaleidoscopic lights. The penguin starts flickering and disappears. Moments later (or earlier, depending on your time-perspective) the penguin reappears in the Congo in 1899, near a caravan en route to the port of Boma. Dozens of lethargic people are plodding along the route, carrying heavy loads.

Lady In Sundress: What are they carrying?

Miles: It appears to be a substance called latex, which was harvested from trees during this period. It was used to produce industrial rubber.

Old Lady: Why are they in such sorry shape?

Miles: Because they were slaves and endured very harsh treatment.

Man In Fedora: From who?

Miles: In this particular case in the Congo, a violent clan of order-followers in uniforms called the "Public Force". It was a specific military organization in this region at this time.

Chinese Man: They followed orders? Not conscience?

Miles: Not only did they not follow conscience, but nearly everyone from history didn't know the difference between right and wrong behavior. You can't follow conscience if you don't what it is, now can you?

Chinese Man: Certainly not.

Miles: Let's go now to their destination, a port city nearby called Boma. It is there that we will witness some of the evils of ignorance and order-following. Everyone back in the penguin, please. Everyone gets back in the penguin and they are transported to the next day in Boma. The caravan has arrived and the cargo is being inspected by various violent rights-violators in uniform.

Miles: Control panel, please. (a control panel appears before him and he punches a few buttons) I just cloaked the penguin due to our proximity to the order-followers.

Old Woman: I thought we're wearing armor, so what's the point of that?

Miles: Yes, the armor will protect us physically, but I must protect the time machine as much as possible so that we might return to our time period without incident.

They start to watch the surrounding action going on outside. Most of the rights-violators are wearing uniforms, but some are dressed in suits.

Lady In Sundress: Who's that guy in a suit, sitting in a fancy chair, and yelling?

Miles: That is a sort of middle man in the authoritarian hierarchy of the period, called a governor. He gives orders to the rights-violators in uniforms. However, he also follows orders from another person.

Lady In Sundress: Oh, my. I've never seen anyone's face turn such a shade of red!

One of the rights-violators in uniform grabs one of the local slaves by the arm and leads him to a post. The rights-violator then takes a whip and starts flogging him. The time travelers avert their eyes.

Chinese Man (shocked and appalled): I've reviewed the history archives about stuff like this, but to actually see it happen!

Miles: So, just to be clear, the so-called governor gave orders to a uniformed rights-violator, called a soldier, to use violence against the poor man being whipped.

Man In Fedora: But why did they follow orders? Why did they inflict such atrocious harm?

Miles: Fear and ignorance, sir, fear and ignorance were the main culprits.

Old Woman: Why don't those poor people defend themselves or disobey?

Miles: Fear was one reason, but their violent oppressors also possessed superior technology.

Chinese Man: But didn't they know that it was better to die on your feet than live on your knees?

Miles: Sadly, no.

Man In Fedora: So who gave orders to this gang-boss called a governor?

Miles: I'm glad you asked, as it's time to move onto the final part of our historical journey. We're going to a geographical location that was at this time called Belgium.

The kaleidoscopic lights start again, and within moments the giant penguin time machine appears just outside the Royal Palace of Brussels.

Miles: Ok, this is the final part of the tour. We will now go see a man who was known as King Leopold II. Can anyone tell me what a king was?

Lady In Sundress: I remember reading about it. A king was an authoritarian man, who barked orders and lived off of extortion.

Miles: That's a fair enough definition, I suppose. Don't forget that they held mind control over thousands or even millions of people. Now please, everybody out of the penguin.

They all file out of the penguin. Miles pulls small cubes from his pocket and tosses them on the ground. They instantly start transforming into one-person pods.

Miles: These are your personal flight pods, which will be cloaked so we can hover over Leopold and his associates and hear them clearly without being seen.

Old Woman: Why don't we use jetpacks?

Miles: Good question. If we were to use jetpacks, the people we're witnessing might be able to hear us. We do this to ensure that any bursts of indignation you have will go unnoticed.

Old Woman: Because if we're noticed, it could tear the fabric of space-time and forever alter the universe?

Miles: Yes, something like that. Now please, we only have two minutes until Leopold will be in his garden courtyard with his criminal associates.

They get into the pods and zip over to the "royal gardens", where Leopold is lounging on a plush outdoor sofa and gorging himself on fine fruits and cheeses. His fellow criminals are standing near him.

Leopold (pointing angry finger at one of his fellow criminals): Tell me again why we did not meet the rubber quota?

Criminal: Well, your Grand Poobahness, slaves are dying faster than the usual rate.

Leopold: And why is that?

Criminal: Many die from starvation and disease.

Leopold (scoffs, pops grape into mouth): Such weak savages. (starts to choke on grape and cough violently)

Criminal: Are you ok, your high royalness?

Leopold coughs repeatedly, turns dark red, grabs chest, then slowly recovers.

Leopold: Whoever obtained these faulty grapes will feel my wrath! Now, as I was saying, rubber production must go up, so I need you to motivate those savages!

Criminal: When you say motivate, you mean threaten and beat more, right?

Leopold: Of course. Do I have to spell everything out for you? (turns to face another criminal) And you! Why is ivory production down?

Criminal 2 (nervously): Well, your crown-wearing-ness, elephants are harder to find these days and it is believed that their population is waning.

Leopold (throws wine goblet against nearby tree): Likely story! Blame it on the elephants!

Criminal 2 cringes.

Leopold: You get ivory production up by next year, or you'll be replaced in a very unpleasant manner!

Another criminal steps forward.

Criminal 3: Would I be next in line to replace him?

Leopold: Perhaps.

Criminal 3 smiles and rubs hands together. Criminal 2 frowns.

A few moments later, the tour group is back in the time machine.

Miles: Comments?

Man In Fedora: Appalling.

Chinese Man: Sad and confusing.

Lady In Sundress: I can't believe the human race survived.

Old Woman: It's a good thing we were in those pods, or I would've been tempted to give that tyrant a piece of my mind!

Miles: Yes, that's one reason we use the soundproof, invisible pods.

Lady In Sundress: So lemme get this straight. That angry little tyrant shouts orders and threats at people. Those people follow his orders, and give orders to other people, usually in uniforms, who

commit immoral acts that are usually violent. And nobody cares if the actions are right or wrong? Or knows the consequences of their actions?

Miles: That's a fair summary of a violent, authoritarian hierarchy. But I should add that even if they did care, they were ignorant of true morality. Not only that, but they were all moral relativists. They applied different standards of morality to different people.. It was inconsistency and contradiction of the most deplorable type.

Chinese Man: So how many people died in the Congo during this time period because of violent actions committed by ignorant order-followers?

Miles: Many millions. And that was just here in the Congo. Remarkably, for a few hundred years, mass death like this was blamed solely on the tyrant in history records. For example, a 21st century history book might have said "Leopold II of Belgium killed millions in the Congo".

Old Woman: You're got to be joking! That's absurd! It took countless people following immoral orders to commit such an atrocity in the aggregate!

Miles: Logically. But the language used to describe such things was very deceptive up until the collapse of external governments. On that note, next week I'll be giving a tour of early 21st century slavery. In some regards it was less brutal, but in other ways, more insidious.

Episode 2

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to witness early 21st century mind control and slavery. Are there any questions before we begin?

Cheery Child: Yeah, is it true that back then people in uniforms would use coercion to stop people from selling lemonade?

Miles: Yes, amazingly, that's true. (looks to ground, notices cat that just waltzed up) May I ask who's with the cat, or who the cat is with, rather?

Everyone shrugs.

Cheery Child: I dunno, mister, but can we bring the cat with us?

Miles (sighs): Well, I suppose, as long as nobody else objects.

Vibrant Woman: I'm so excited! I've never been in a time machine before! So where is this fancy thing?

Spry Old Guy: Let's get this show on the road. I've got a marathon later today.

Miles: Yes, very well. Control panel, please. (a transparent control panel appears before him and he punches a few buttons. The high, steely-colored double doors that were before them dissipate. The time machine, shaped like a 21 foot tall penguin, is revealed)

Cheery Child: Wow! That penguin is bigger than the ones they have on planet Pi-3 in the Y quadrant!

Miles: Yes, indeed. But those are real penguins, mind you. Now, if everyone will kindly step into the penguin, we'll be on our way to 21st century earth.

They all board the enormous penguin-shaped time machine and a kaleidoscope envelops them. They flash out, then into a gargantuan urban park.

Miles (slightly perturbed): Oh, dear.

Spry Old Guy: I can only imagine.

Miles: I forgot to cloak the penguin before we left. (punches a few buttons) There, now the ship is invisible. Hopefully nobody noticed.

Cheery Child (sarcastic): Yeah, I'm sure nobody noticed a colossal penguin appearing out of nowhere!

Miles: Actually, during this time period, large scale attempts at weather control were underway and barely anyone noticed.

Vibrant Woman: So where are we? And when?

Miles: We're in a place called San Diego, California. In Balboa Park, to be exact, in the year 2018.

Vibrant Woman: Why are we here?

Miles: Let's exit and walk while we talk, please.

They all step out into the glorious southern California sun and Miles leads the way.

Miles: Just a short walk from here is a brainwashing prison for young people. They used to call it school.

Spry Old Guy: Yeah, I remember reading about those. They were funded by extortion, right?

Miles: Yes, that's right.

They walk a few minutes and arrive at San Diego High School. Young people are muddling around in various hallways while on a 5 minute transition between "classes". Many are zoning out on their phones, while others declare shenanigans.

Miles: So, as you can see, there are hundreds of young people here. In a few moments, a loud, obnoxious bell will sound, and most of them will scurry into one of the rooms you see all around.

Vibrant Woman: Why will they scurry?

Miles: Because they'll be in a hurry.

Cheery Child: But why the hurry, mister? Can I ask one of them?

Miles: Oh, I'd love to say yes, but it would be rather risky to the fabric of space-time.

Cheery Child: Aw, shucks.

The bell rings and most of the young people hurry away.

Miles: They hurry out of fear. They come here due to compulsion from various others. Sometimes their parents, but ultimately, the compulsion comes from a gang called "government". Members of the gang might use the threat of violence to break the family up if the young people don't comply.

Spry Old Guy: What went on in there?

Miles (energetic): Well, if everyone is ready, we can see for ourselves! (starts handing out baseball caps) If you'll kindly wear one of these cloaking caps, we may enter and have a first-hand look at the lies and authoritarian propaganda these young people endured.

Cheery Child: Hey, what about the cat?

Miles: Ah, yes, I almost forgot. (pulls out tiny cap and places on cat. picks cat up. cat's poofy face shows mix of disinterestedness and slight annoyance) Now, to activate your cloak, tap the cap 3 times.

Spry Old Guy: Will they be able to hear us?

Miles: Great question. No, your cloaking cap neutralizes sound as well. Except for sneezes, of course. Nobody's figured out yet how to neutralize their energetic frequencies. But you probably already knew that.

Cheery Child: Come on, mister. I can't wait!

Miles: Very well. Tap your caps at your pleasure.

They all tap their caps 3 times and disappear. Miles activates the transporter and they instantly arrive in a history class. Every young person is standing. Each has right hand held over center of chest. They're droning on in what appears to be a strange ritual.

Vibrant Woman: What are they doing?

Cheery Child: It's so creepy!

Miles: This was a religious ritual done every day in behavior training centers like this. It's what was called a "pledge of allegiance".

Spry Old Guy: Every day?

Miles: Yes. 5 days a week, for 13 years, with the exception of the summer months.

Vibrant Woman: What the heck for?

Miles: The main purpose was to help brainwash everyone into believing in external human authority, which would ultimately lead to subservience to a ruling minority. The illusory authority in this case was a criminal syndicate with fancy titles called government.

The young people sit down and the older person starts lecturing. A few minutes into the lecture, something catches the attention of the time-traveling observers.

Spry Old Guy: Did I hear that correctly?

Vibrant Woman: That one man killed 6 million people?

Miles: Yes, this is a propaganda session about World War 2. The indoctrinator was referring to a man called Hitler.

Cheery Child: But there's no way one person killed that many! Especially not with their primitive weapons! Even I know that!

Miles: Yes, but this was a very clever part of the myth of external human authority. People were trained to believe that one evil man murdered millions. Of course now we know this to be false, because it took many thousands of order-followers to carry out the evil actions.

Cheery Child (astonished): Golly-gee-wiz! They didn't know that!? That's like knowing 2 plus 2 is 4!

Miles (amused): Yes, but you must remember that the people of this time period did not have the knowledge of objective Moral Law. They didn't know the difference between right and wrong behavior. They lived, like so many generations had for thousands of years before them, in a state of moral relativism.

Young person raises hand.

History Indoctrinator: Yes, Johnny?

Johnny: I need the bathroom.

History Indoctrinator: If you're gone more than 5 minutes, I'll consider it skipping, got it?

Johnny (suppressed anger): Yeah, yeah.

Cheery Child: They had to ask permission just to release toxins from their body?

Vibrant Woman: How barbaric!

Spry Old Guy: What did he mean by "skipping"?

Miles: He meant that it would be considered violating compulsory attendance, which would be punished. It was an implied threat.

Vibrant Woman: So this was one of the core systems used in obedience training and behavior engineering, and it's horrific enough, but I suppose that it didn't stop here.

Spry Old Guy: Yeah, after all, once they reached a certain age, they got out of this cage, right?

Miles: Glad you asked. We'll now move onto another facet that was so integral to the mind control of billions. Shall we move on?

Everyone agrees.

Cheery Child: But hey, where's the cat?

Miles (gawking around nervously): Oh, dear. Sneaky little bugger. Does anyone see the cat?

Vibrant Woman: Oh, there it is, rubbing the leg of that boy on the back row.

Boy on back row has a bewildered look on face. Starts to reach down to see what's causing this odd sensation on his leg. Miles dashes over and grabs the cat just before the boy is about to accidentally pet it. Miles sneezes loudly, which is audible to everyone in class. Puzzled faces peer around.

Miles: Ok, no time to waste! (activates transporter)

An instant later and they're back in the penguin. There are two order-followers in uniforms strutting around near the time machine, patting the invisible object with great befuddlement.

Miles: Oh, dear.

Spry Old Guy: Who are those guys in costumes?

Miles: They are order-followers and rights-violators called “police”. People believed that they had to obey their orders and that they had the right to use violence.

Cheery Child (pointing out window): Speaking of violence!

The costumed rights-violators are shooting the time machine. The bullets are bouncing harmlessly off the bullet-proof penguin.

Vibrant Woman: So about that fabric of space-time.....

Miles (casual): Oh, I’ve had worse incidents. I’m sure it’ll be fine.

Miles punches some buttons and the time machine flashes out, then reappears in a residential neighborhood later that night. They get out and start gawking around.

Cheery Child: What are all these machines out here in the street?

Miles: Those were used for ground transportation, something called “cars”.

Spry Old Guy: Oh, I remember reading about those. The energy source they used was petrol, right?

Miles: That’s right. A violently controlled monopoly on energy production methods was held by a tiny minority, and this didn’t change until the early 22nd century.

Vibrant Woman: So where is everybody?

Miles: They’re all inside their homes, probably trying to relax. Most people probably worked all day, at a job they really didn’t enjoy. Not only that, but half of their earnings get stolen by the government gang.

Cheery Child: Geez, mister, why did they let that gang steal?

Miles: Believe it or not, nearly everyone at this time didn’t think of it as stealing because they were under mind control. They were trained to believe that it wasn’t stealing, but a thing called “taxation”.

Vibrant Woman (aghast): How tragic!

Miles: Now obviously, we can’t enter any of the houses because that would be a violation of privacy. However, please note the blue flickering lights in the vast majority of windows.

Cheery Child: What’s going on? Laser tag?

Miles: Nothing so active, I’m afraid. They’re staring at a machine called a television, which was one of the most effective mind control technologies ever created. The television broadcasted a mixture of audio and video from a central location.

Cheery Child: If they knew it was for mind control, then why did they watch it?

Miles: Well, that was the trick of it. Only a tiny minority of people knew the true purpose of the transmissions. The propaganda they broadcasted was in two basic forms. The majority was complete fiction with entertaining characteristics, a form of story telling. The other was a semi-fictional account of current events that passed for “news”.

Spry Old Guy: Semi-fictional?

Miles: Yes, the news of the day was usually filled with half-truths. Sometimes blatant lies would be used as well. The reason for doing this was to lead the viewer to predetermined conclusions and beliefs, so as to bring about behavior that the psychopathic ruling class desired.

Vibrant Woman: To keep them ignorant and easy to manipulate, in other words.

Miles: Yes, well said.

A dog comes dashing down the sidewalk. The cat shrieks and frantically flees.

Miles: Oh, dear. Why did I bring that cat?

Cheery Child: Hey mister, can't ya just cloak the cat?

Miles: Yes, I suppose.

Vibrant Woman: Hey, what about the fabric of space-time?

Miles: Yes, I suppose it could forever alter the fate of the universe, but I doubt it. It's just one disappearing cat.

Miles summons the control pad and cloaks the cat. The dog stops cold, gives some baffled glances, then whimpers and runs away.

Miles: Well, that's all the time we have for this tour. We'll be heading back now. Any final questions or comments?

Episode 3

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to witness late 20th century slavery and mass murder in China. Are there any questions before we begin?

Keen Teen: Are we gonna have some Chinese food while we're there?

Lively Lady: Oh, I hope so. I just love Chinese food!

Jolly Gent: And we can use some of those, uh, ancient utensils they used to have there. What were they called?

Miles: I believe you're referring to chopsticks, and no, I'm sorry, we won't be able to eat while there, I'm afraid.

Keen Teen: Aw, shucks. Why not?

Miles: Because we won't have any of the violence-backed fraudulent excuse for money they used to use.

Lively Lady: We could barter.

Miles: Yes, I suppose, in theory, however, we have that pesky little thing called the fabric of the space time continuum. You see, we try to avoid interaction with people from the past because we could forever alter the timeline and possibly destroy the universe itself.

Jolly Gent: All for a little Kung Pao chicken?

Keen Teen: Seems a little far fetched if ya ask me, mister.

Miles (sighs): Well, I dunno, maybe I'll flip a coin and let fate decide.

Keen Teen (shaking head): Gee wiz, mister.

Lively Lady: So where is this fancy schmancy time machine that all the hullabaloo is about?

Miles gives voice command and control panel appears. He punches some snazzy buttons. Colossal double doors slide open. The time machine, in the shape of a 39 foot tall walrus, is revealed.

Jolly Gent: Holy Moly!

Miles (grinning): Yes, this is a brand new model. Stunning, isn't it?

Lively Lady (melodramatic): Now why the heck would it be made to look like a walrus? I declare!

Miles: I imagine the designer has a very twisted sense of humor. Now, if everyone would please step into the walrus, we'll begin our time travel adventure.

Everyone steps into the walrus and takes a seat in nano-chairs. Miles punches in some commands on the holo-controls. A kaleidoscope envelops them as they're whisked away through the corridors of time. They end up in rural China in 1960.

Miles: Ok, everybody, please put on one of these suits.

He hands one tiny cube to everyone. They grip it in their hand for five seconds, and the cube turns into a silvery, one-piece suit that fits perfectly.

Jolly Gent: Is bright silver clothing supposed to blend in? I thought we weren't supposed to attract attention to ourselves.

Miles: Ah, good point, I hadn't thought of that.

Lively Lady (shocked): Geez Louise!

Miles: Just kidding! When we step out of the walrus, your clothing will automatically cloak and fly you to our viewing area.

Keen Teen: What's that, mister? Are we gonna see some traditional dancing? Or a folk music show?

Miles: You are aware that you signed up for viewing slavery and mass murder in 20th century China, right? I thought we already established that before we left.

Keen Teen: Yeah, I know. Maybe we can get some folk music in after we see the violent oppression?

Miles: Why did you choose this tour, exactly? There are tours dedicated completely to art, you know.

Keen Teen: Yeah, I just thought a little co-mingling of extremes would balance things out.

Jolly Gent: I'm open to it.

Lively Lady: Me too! Sounds grand!

Miles: Well, I suppose we might be able to fit it in towards the end of the tour. We'll see. Now, just one more thing before we step out for the viewing. What you're going to see is quite immoral, heartless, brutal, and mind-numbingly illogical. Please refrain from attempting to swoop down on the perpetrators of evil. Trust me, I would love to come to the defense of the suffering people here today, but risking the timeline is far too risky. If you do attempt to swoop down and face-off against an order-follower, you and your suit will instantaneously turn into unstable gelatinous goo.

Lively Lady: As opposed to stable gelatinous goo?

Miles: Ok, just joking about the goo part, but you will automatically be transported back to 2600 and will miss the rest of the time tour.

Keen Teen: Hey, mister, I have a question. Can we still talk to each other while we're watching?

Miles: Great question. Yes, we'll be able to converse with one another, and the locals won't be able to hear us. Now please, everyone, if you would all be so kind as to follow me out.

They all walk out and disappear. Anti-gravity propulsion slowly levitates them and flies them to a nearby "commune". There, they hover safely above and witness the horrors of ignorance, order-following, fear, and violence. People are worked to the bone. Order-followers strut around. Living conditions are unspeakably treacherous.

Order-followers in uniforms (military) and a stuffy control freak (bureaucrat) are meeting with the two government appointed "leaders" of the commune.

Stuffy control freak: Your commune has failed to reach the production quota! You have failed the people and must be punished, to appease the people.

Commune Leader: But we followed the government approved farming methods perfectly!

Stuffy control freak: How dare you! Are you blaming the great Chairman Mao for your inadequacies?!

Commune Leader (groveling): Oh, no, I would never....

Stuffy control freak (to order-follower): Put him in the firing squad line!

Order-follower puts gun to head of "commune leader" and forces him to march away.

Stuffy control freak (to other "leader"): You have two weeks to meet the new quota.

Commune Leader: Two weeks! Fixing farming problems and getting the results can't happen in 2 weeks! Plants take longer to grow than that.

Stuffy control freak (crazed look): You must do it for the people! And any more excuses and you will be punished for the sake of the people.

Miles (to all time travelers): Any questions about what we just witnessed?

Jolly Gent: Yeah, what's a "firing squad line"?

Miles: A "firing squad" was a group of order-followers who would murder on command.

Keen Teen: Like a robot?

Miles: Something like that, yes, only they were actual people, like the order-followers you just saw marching that man away. What they would do is line people up and shoot them from a short distance. That was the "line".

Lively Lady: Why would they do such a thing?

Miles: Because they were under mind control. They didn't know the difference between right and wrong. So they followed orders, not conscience.

Lively Lady: How barbaric! You mean to tell me that they would just line people up and shoot them because another person told them to?

Miles: Yes, that's right. A miracle the human race survived, is it not?

Jolly Gent: And one of those characters said something about a "government approved farming method". What the heck is that?

Miles: A recipe for disaster, in a manner of speaking. To be more specific, during this time period in China, a great deal of agricultural production was forcibly taken over and run by the violent gang with fancy titles called government. Private property was abolished.

The farms run by the government gang were forced to use certain farming techniques that were deemed adequate by some control freaks with fancy government titles thousands of miles away. This is the "government approved techniques" that that little smug control freak was referring to. It was centralization at its most hideous. Tens of millions of people died during this time period in China, and many of them died due to starvation.

Keen Teen: Golly gee, mister, you sure know how to ruin a guy's appetite for Kung Pao chicken.

Miles (grimacing): Apologies. Now, if there are no further questions, we'll be moving along to a place nearby, to witness another key instance in the creation of such preposterous conditions.

They fly a few miles and come to a small homestead that is owned by a family. Another government goon squad is making its approach. The mother and father of the family go out to meet the goon squad leader, another stuffy control freak (bureaucrat).

Stuffy control freak:: Good afternoon. I am here to inform you that you have the privilege of serving the people. The people need you and your family to work in metals production. It is a fine line of work.

Father: But what about our farm?

Stuffy control freak: It will be looked after by the people while you're away. The people thank you for your service.

Mother (appalled): I'm not leaving my home to go work in some dingy factory!

Stuffy control freak (obnoxiously loud): You must do it for the people!

Mother: I will not!

Stuffy control freak: Then you are an enemy of the people!

Control freak motions to order-follower. Order-follower shoots woman in head. Woman dies. Father cries uncontrollably. Children run out of the house, screaming and crying.

The time travelers start flying back to the giant time machine walrus.

Miles: So what you just witnessed was how much of the agriculturally productive land was obtained by the violent mob with fancy titles.

Lively Lady: They stole it!

Miles: Yes, that sums it up adequately.

Jolly Gent: And what's all that business about "the people"? What was all that supposed to mean?

Miles: Great question. Yes, this was a common technique for mind control. Euphemistic language, vague language, and simple slogans were used to gain compliance and control behavior. Using a term like "the people" was meant to evoke a form of altruistic energy and emotive state in a person. This was used by many violent, collectivist societies.

For example, if I ask you if you want to help the people, you feel that you must say yes, just on sheer emotion and natural empathy alone, not to mention the shame and social disapproval you might suffer from friends and family if you say no. On top of this, an "enemy of the people" was an emotive term used to evoke fear and hatred. This was often used to manipulate order-followers into murdering countless others.

They arrive safely back in the walrus.

Lively Lady: And where might we be off to now?

Miles: Not far from here, geographically speaking, but we're about to jump 25 years into the future.

Keen Teen: 1985? Can we see a cheesy pop concert while we're there?

Miles: Um, again, not that kind of tour. And how do you know such an obscure subject?

Keen Teen shrugs. Miles punches up the destination and they're swirled away in a hurricane of light.

Lively Lady: What was that bump we hit?

Miles (inspecting control panel): Hmmm, computer says we hit a quark swell.

Keen Teen: That wasn't so swell for me.

Miles: Yes, my apologies. These things happen from time to time. Now, we must hurry to make our next observation point.

Lively Lady: Isn't that a little paradoxical? Why hurry if we have a time machine?

Miles: Yes, I suppose.

They walk out into the bustling city of Shanghai.

Keen Teen: Hey mister. Aren't you forgetting something? (motions towards walrus, which is fully visible)

Miles: Oh dear! (uses remote control to cloak the time machine) Thanks for bringing that to my attention!

Jolly Gent (noticing perplexed onlookers): Put that on the list of quirky things from 1985.

Lively Lady: And what about the fabric of space time?

Miles (gasping): I'm sure it'll be fine. Maybe. Anyway, our destination is just across the street.

They gently cruise through and hover near a tiny apartment in a drab looking tower. There is a pregnant woman sitting on the floor. There is a child playing in the next room. Outside, a black car pulls up. A couple order-followers in uniforms, a smug control freak, and a psychopathic doctor get out and make their way into the building. A moment later, there is a loud knock on the pregnant woman's door.

Woman opens door.

Woman: Yes?

Smug Control Freak: We're from the government and need to speak with you.

Woman: Ok, come in.

Smug Control Freak (looks at child playing, then back to pregnant mother): So the report we received has been confirmed. You are in violation of the government's one child policy. You can either pay a fine of 6,000 dollars, or abort the child.

Woman: I don't have that much money!

Smug Control Freak: Then we must abort your child, for the people.

Woman starts screaming and flailing around in agony. Order-followers grab her and force her down. Child that was playing is now crying uncontrollably. The 7 month old baby is murdered by the psychopathic doctor. The dead child is placed in the mother's arms. All of the government criminals leave.

A solemn and speechless time traveling crew make their way back to the walrus.

Lively Woman (sobbing): That's the saddest thing I've ever seen.

Jolly Gent: Primitive brutes.

Keen Teen: How could they do such horrific things?

Miles: They were under mind control, ignorant of Natural Law, just as all order-followers in all ages. They actually thought doing things like that were necessary to benefit themselves and society.

Lively Woman: What was that one child policy he spoke of?

Miles: For a few decades at the end of the 20th and beginning of the 21st century, the violent mob called government gave a diktat that only one child per couple would be allowed. Violations, as you just saw, were met with brutal consequences.

Jolly Gent: That's insane! That's got to be one of the most outrageous violations of Natural Law in history!

Keen Teen: And what was that term they used? Abort?

Miles: Yes, rather than saying "murdering babies", people of this time period used euphemisms like "abortion" and "reproductive rights". This is one factor that led to the murder of tens of millions of babies in the 20th and 21st centuries.

Lively Lady: What an incalculable crime! It boggles the mind!

Miles: Indeed. Well, as you've just seen, China in the 20th century had a society that was one of the most reprehensible and gross violators of Natural Law in the history of the world. Who's ready to go back to 2600?

With relief on their faces, all raise enthusiastic hands. Miles fires up the walrus and they're whisked back to 2600, peace, and voluntaryism.

Episode 4

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to witness what is known as the American Revolutionary War of the late 18th century. Any questions or comments before we begin?

Curious Cal: Yeah man, I heard about some kind of tea party that went on back then. Are we gonna go to that party?

Vivid Val (excited): Oh, a party without electricity! How deliciously rustic!

Miles: Um, no, we won't be attending what I think you're referring to, which is the Boston Tea Party.

Artistic Alice: Can we at least have some tea?

Miles: If you wish, I'm sure we can make that happen somehow, yes.

Curious Cal: Will we get to wear those cool looking old clothes they had during that time period?

Vivid Val: Speak for yourself. Their attire I find quite unattractive. I've done VR tours, which are quite realistic.

Miles: If you wish, we can certainly furnish some clothing that fits the style of the day, yes. Now, I don't like to be hasty, but I'm afraid we must get going if we're to keep on schedule.

Artistic Alice: If we're traveling through time, what difference does it make?

Miles (sighs): I'll be happy to explain later.

Miles gives voice command and control panel appears. He punches some snazzy buttons. Titanic double doors slide open. The time machine, in the shape of a 39 foot tall shoe, is revealed.

Curious Cal: What's with the shoe?

Miles: That's the time machine.

Artistic Alice: Quite the original design, now isn't it?

Vivid Val: If it smells like an old shoe, I want a full refund.

Miles facepalms and walks into the heel of the shoe as others follow with varying degrees of skepticism painted on their faces.

Miles: Ok, before we go, just a bit on the ground rules for our tour. The ship will be cloaked the entire time, as will our bodies when we leave the ship. Feel free to speak as much as you like among the locals as well, because our voices will be inaudible to them. However, please refrain from touching anyone. Any interference could cause irreparable damage to the fabric of space time.

Curious Cal: What would happen if the fabric of space time got ripped?

Miles: Please sir, your curiosity is appreciated, but we really must be going.

Miles punches in some commands on the holo-controls. A kaleidoscope envelops them as they spin through the helix of time. They end up in a field just a few hundred yards from a battle scene in rural Virginia. Miles leads them out of the shoe so they can watch from a safe distance. The scene is quite brutal and impossibly noisy, with cannons and muskets firing, and unfathomable shrieks of suffering.

Vivid Val (cringing, half-shielding eyes): Oh, it's so much worse than I imagined!

Curious Cal (covering ears, yelling): So why are all these people running around like crazy and killing each other?

Miles: Well, there were, of course, complex circumstances involved. However, to get down to the crux of the matter, it was due to moral relativism and ignorance of Natural Law, especially for the fellows wearing those bright red coats.

Artistic Alice: Yes, correct me if I'm wrong, but wouldn't such blazing colors be quite a tactical disadvantage?

Miles: Very astute observation, yes. And speaking of the people wearing red coats, many of them crossed the Atlantic ocean to attack the people living here. Not only that, but they did so because some people told them to do it.

Curious Cal: That's it? Somebody told them to go across an ocean and murder, and they did it?

Miles: Yes, the belief in external human authority was quite strong throughout most of human history.

Artistic Alice: So what about the ones not wearing red coats? They were defending themselves and their property?

Miles: For the most part, yes, that was the motivation for most of them. They were trying to gain a greater degree of freedom.

Vivid Val (pointing): Hey, do you see that guy on a horse, wearing a fancy uniform way off in the distance? He's one of the only people not fighting. He's just watching with some kind of long, shiny device.

Miles: Just a moment. (zooms in with nano-contacts) Ah, yes, he is Charles Cornwallis, someone who was positioned in the authoritarian hierarchy so that he didn't have to physically fight.

Vivid Val: And why is he looking straight at us?

Miles (cringes): Hmmm, excellent question. It does appear that he's staring at us with great interest. Odd.....I'll take a look at the cloaking controls.

Miles gives voice command and holo-panel appears. He punches madly on the suspended symbols of light. Then his jaw drops.

Miles: Oh, dear.

Curious Cal: What is it, pal? Is space time ripping?

Miles: No, nothing so perilous for the entire universe.

Vivid Val: Just perilous for us.

Miles: No, but we need to leave.

Artistic Alice: Why?

Miles: The imaging regeneration units are malfunctioning.

Curious Cal: In English.

Miles: They can see us.

All gasp.

Miles: Well, not completely. To them, it looks as though we're flickering. Back to the shoe, please, and I'll have it fixed in a jiffy!

They rush back into the shoe. Miles madly punches on the controls and they're whisked through the helix of time once again. The shoe drops safely just outside of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on September 17, 1787.

They step out into the crisp air and gawk around for a moment.

Miles: Ok, the cloaking functions should be fine now.

Curious Cal: So about that space-time thing.....

Miles: Not to worry, I'm sure that Cornwallis seeing us will end up nothing more than just another ghost story or legend. And anyway, if anything did go screwy, we would have ceased to exist by now.

Vivid Val (eyes rolling): How comforting....

Artistic Alice: Your tact could use some work, Miles.

Miles: Yes, well, anyway, we'd better get moving.

Their nano-suits gently lift them in the air and fly them into Philly, proper. They land softly just outside of a handsome building called Independence Hall.

Artistic Alice (fascinated): The architecture's a dream!

Miles: Yes, certain things from this period are delightful, to be sure.

Vivid Val: So what are we here to see again?

Miles: A strange and archaic custom of the day, one very famous from the sordid history of man's fallacious belief in external human authority. We're about to see what is euphemistically called "the signing of the U.S. Constitution."

Curious Cal: Which means what, in reality?

Miles: A group of men signing a piece of paper.

Vivid Val (scoffs, hands on hips): Oh, I declare! I paid to see a piece of paper get signed?

Miles: Well, yes, in a sense. However, it has great historical significance. You see, as was normal throughout nearly all of human history, people believed that certain people had authority over others. They formed bizarre collections of coercive institutions called governments. What is interesting in this particular case is that, as we witnessed in the violent battle a moment ago, the people here in this local area were attempting to free themselves from the violent tyranny of others; others who lived across an ocean.

Artistic Alice: You mean the people in the red coats?

Miles: Not quite that simple, but in a nutshell, yes. And they succeeded in defeating that particular order-following, tyrannical cult. However, just four years after that war ended, which is the time we're visiting now, a small group got together, signed a piece of paper, and organized a new violent mafia called the state.

Curious Cal: I don't get it. Why did people obey something, just because it was written on a piece of paper? Why didn't each individual rule themselves, like we do in our day?

Miles: They lacked knowledge because of mind-control, and fear-based emotional manipulation. Anyway, you see, the formation of this government was highly significant because some of the people who created it, at least had some knowledge of Natural Rights. And some of the people of this time period and in this geographical location did experience a greater degree of liberty than had previously occurred. Unfortunately, they didn't go all the way to voluntarism. They held a most illogical idea called "limited government", and the immoral belief that ruling over others in any fashion was legitimate.

All chuckle at that ludicrous concept.

Vivid Val: And I heard some of those guys that signed that piece of paper actually participated in some disgusting behavior called "slave ownership". They actually thought they could buy and sell people? Boss them around? Steal their stuff? And that it was legitimate?

Miles: Yes, amazing as it seems, that was the case. Quite the contradiction, wouldn't you say? Now, the moment has come. We need to step through the entrance in five seconds.

Curious Cal: Why five seconds?

Miles sighs. They step into the charming structure just as Benjamin Franklin is about to sign. Franklin peers towards the group of time travelers and gives a shocked look.

Alexander Hamilton (impatient): What is it now, Ben? You've been waffling all day.

Franklin: You didn't see that? Nobody saw that?

James Madison (annoyed): The old man is seeing things again.

The time travelers flicker again. Franklin clutches chest.

Franklin: Apparitions!

Miles: Oh, dear! Run!

The tour group runs out. The suits activate flight mode and get them back to the shoe.

Vivid Val: I believe a refund will be in order.

Artistic Alice: I hope we didn't give that poor old man a heart attack.

Miles: Yes, the feeling is mutual. I'm afraid we'll have to return to our own time and cut the tour short so our tech crew can fix these dastardly glitches.

Curious Cal: What about that tea party?

Episode 5

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to witness a multi-century timeline. We'll get to see first-hand some of the reasons that the infamous "plastic bottle mountain" came to be, and how it was dealt with. Any questions before we begin?

Peppy Perry (jittery): I'm so excited! Are you guys excited? This is my first time traveling trip, and I just....

Miles: Sorry to interrupt, but there will be time to chat en route.

Curious Chron: What happens to the sound from our voices when we're going through time?

Miles: Well, ok, not exactly en route, which is just helix-seconds, which don't really exist, but in order to measure....oh now look, I'm rambling about quantum time mechanics again....

Crystal Clarity (sarcastic): Could you make that any less clear?

Miles (sighs): Now look at the can of worms I've opened.....no, I'm afraid not. Now, we must be on our way, or we won't be able to finish our tour.

Miles gives voice command and control panel appears. He punches some snazzy buttons. Titanic double doors slide open. The time machine, in the shape of a 48 foot tall bunny, is revealed.

Curious Chron (befuddled): How do the aerodynamics on that thing work?

Miles: Ok, before we go, just a bit on the ground rules for our tour. The ship will be cloaked the entire time, as will our bodies when we leave the ship. Feel free to speak as much as you like among the locals as well, because our voices will be inaudible to them. However, please refrain from touching anyone. Any interference could cause irreparable damage to the fabric of space time.

Curious Chron: If we move an inanimate object, could that rip space time?

Miles: I don't believe so.

Crystal Clarity: Clearly, if the universe is to depend on your beliefs, we shall all face great perils.

Miles (grimacing): Would everyone please step into the bunny, and by all means, if you feel that this might be too perilous for you, feel free to stay behind.

Peppy Perry's jitters are more intense.

Miles (to Perry): Are you sure you're ok?

Peppy Perry: Oh yeah, I'm fine. I just drink too much coffee, that's all.

The group piles into the bunny. Miles punches in some commands on the holo-controls. A kaleidoscope envelops them as they spin through the helix of time. They end up in the year 2099, hovering a few thousand meters in the air. A multi-megaton-mountain of plastic bottles can be clearly seen near the bunny-ship.

Miles: What you're seeing is the infamous peak of Mount Plastic, in the final year of its existence.

Peppy Perry: Wow! It's true! It's not a myth!

Crystal Clarity: Clearly, the worst idea ever.

Miles: Other than the belief in external human authority, you might be right.

Curious Chron: How did they get rid of it again?

Miles: Some voluntaryists released some smart organic nano-feeders, which cleaned the area and repaired the environment in a matter of days.

Peppy Perry: They must've been the talk of the town!

Miles: Actually, authoritarianism was so strong during this time period, that they were executed for violating multiple so-called "codes".

Curious Chron: Codes? Like a security code?

Miles: No. A code in this context was a bunch of words posing as law.

Crystal Clarity: Which must've made things quite unclear as to what Law actually is.

Miles: Clearly.

Peppy Perry: Can we climb Mount Plastic? Can we? Huh? Huh?

Curious Chron (aghast): How uncouth!

Miles: Certainly not!

Curious Chron: So how did this monstrosity come to be?

Miles: I'm glad you asked. We'll now be moving on to witness one of the causes of this once catastrophic situation. Everybody strap in!

Crystal Clarity: I don't see any straps.

Miles: It was a figure of speech. The force fields will hold you in place, of course.

Miles gives voice command and holo-panel appears. He punches madly on the floating symbols of light. The mammoth techno-bunny swirls through a kaleidoscopic helix. It lands in the year 2015 in Southern California. They're facing what appears to be a large industrial plant.

Peppy Perry: Oooo, what's that!? What's that?!

Curious Chron: A primitive technology, no doubt.

Crystal Clarity: That much is certain.

Miles: Your perceptions serve you well. This is what was once known as a water bottling plant. This one in particular was owned by a huge corporation called “Nestle”. They took natural sources of water, bottled them, shipped them, and sold them worldwide. The bottles were plastic, which was one of the problems, of course. However, during this time, California was suffering a drought, so it was extremely sickening that scarce natural water sources were being taken and shipped all over the world.

Curious Chron: Why didn’t people have their own water sources?

Miles: Great question, Chron. Due to coercive regulations, monopolies on water were created. For example, people of this time period could get water from a series of primitive underground pipes that were connected to a central source. That source, typically, was controlled, directly or indirectly, by an authoritarian mafia called government.

Crystal Clarity: Clearly revolting!

Peppy Perry: My blood boils just thinking about it! Blah!

Curious Chron: So why didn’t they use the water from the pipes?

Miles: Nearly everyone used it for cleaning. Many would use it for drinking, but many would not. It was common practice during this time period for fluoride to be added to the central sources that flowed through the pipes.

Peppy Perry (shocked): But that’s a neurotoxin!

Curious Chron: It’s a wonder the human race survived such a tragedy.

Crystal Clarity: Clearly!

Miles: The end result was that many who did not want to be poisoned, not just with fluoride but also other heavy metals and toxins that were frequently found in pipe water, bought purified water or spring water in plastic bottles.

Peppy Perry: Don’t forget the coke!

Miles: Ah, yes, thanks Perry for bringing that up. Another reason so many plastic bottles accumulated was because people drank a sweet and hazardous beverage called “coke” or “soda”. These beverages were mostly sold in plastic bottles.

Curious Chron: But why did they use plastic? Even during these primitive times, they at least had hemp technologies, right?

Miles: Indeed they did! And that brings us to the next part of our journey.

The bunny-shaped machine flickers out of sight and reappears in the year 1936 in New York City and hovers above a movie theater.

Peppy Perry: Oooo, I’ve read about this place! This was called New York, right?

Miles: Yes, this was one of the most famous cities of this time period.

Curious Chron: So overcrowded! How could people stand it?

Crystal Clarity: Yes, Miles, please clarify.

Miles: Well, that would be another tour all to itself. However, it does relate to what we're about to witness. (hands small electro-crystal chips to each passenger) These will allow you to see inside the building below us, something called a "movie theater". A movie theater was a place where video storytelling occurred. These were some of the most important centers for propaganda distribution used for social control. Please place the crystals on your wrists to journey inside the theater.

The passengers minds enter the theater. Patrons of the theater are viewing a ludicrous anti-cannabis propaganda film. The campy action on screen shows someone going insane after smoking cannabis. The passengers laugh at the absurdity of it all, then remove the crystals.

Peppy Perry: Enough of that nonsense!

Curious Chron: People actually bought into that?

Miles: Yes, during this time period, there was extensive propaganda against cannabis. Once enough minds were influenced, this allowed for the mafia called government to criminalize cannabis.

Curious Chron: How did they do that?

Miles: You must remember that throughout most of human history, people were trained to believe that external human authority existed and was to be obeyed. Whenever the mafia that was perceived to have "authority" put words on paper and called it "law", most people obeyed without question. This is crucial to understanding Mount Plastic. Do any of you have an idea why?

Crystal Clarity: Well, we all know how versatile Cannabis is as a fiber, fuel, medicine, and so forth. I remember that during this time, there were huge monopolies on textile production, energy, and most resources. Clearly, by criminalizing such a versatile and environmentally friendly plant such as Cannabis, the monopoly holders of the day solidified their positions and reduced competition.

Miles: Very well put! Imagine, if all of those plastic bottles had been made of hemp instead! Mount Plastic never would have existed!

Peppy Perry (shaking): But that's so insidious! Why would people do such a thing!? It makes me want to pull out what little hair I have left! Blah!!!!

Miles: Yes, the belief in external human authority was quite insidious, indeed. On that note, we move onto our final destination.

Curious Chron: When you say "final", you mean before we go back to our own time, right?

Miles: Clearly.

The oddly shaped timeship swirls through the double-helix of dimensions once again. This time it lands in a rural part of Florida in 1996. There's a huge complex of buildings surrounded by barbed wire.

Peppy Perry: This is depressing! Ya got any coffee on board?! Huh? Huh?

Crystal Clarity: You clearly don't need more coffee.

Miles: We are just outside a prison complex. Sadly, one of many from this era. Incredibly, the majority of the prisoners were there for violating so-called "drug laws". This was an effect of not just the belief in authority, but also from people believing that possession of certain substances is a "crime".

Curious Chron: So what it boils down to, is that people suffered because they believed lies. They didn't know the objective difference between right and wrong.

Miles: Clearly! (turns to Crystal) Oh, now you've got me saying it! Shall we go have a look inside?

All shake heads no.

Miles: Really? Why not?

Peppy Perry: Too depressing! I don't wanna see people suffer!

All nod in agreement.

Curious Chron: I do have one question, though. How did these prisoners end up here?

Miles: They were assaulted and kidnapped by people in costumes called "police". These rights-violators called "police" were part of the mafia called government. People believed that "police" were necessary for safety and security.

Peppy Perry: That's insane!

Miles: And that concludes our tour, I'm afraid. Mount Plastic was created over the course of centuries by lies and actions based on those lies.

Miles punches some hovering buttons of light and the group is whisked back to their own time of anarchy, morality, freedom, and prosperity.

Episode 6

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to witness food tyranny of the early 21st century. A fair warning to you all; what you're going to see may cause extreme nausea. Any questions before we begin?

Wily Wendy: I heard that they ate insects back then. Is that true?

Miles: Yes, in some parts of the world.

Lucky Lou: Guess I should consider myself lucky that I was born in a sane epoch.

Lively Lori: Indeed. Can you imagine?

Wily Wendy: I don't wanna see people eat insects.

Miles: Not to worry. That's not on our itinerary.

Miles gives voice command and control panel appears. He punches some snazzy buttons. Titanic double doors slide open. The time machine, in the shape of a 48 foot tall goat, is revealed.

Lucky Lou: Ah, my lucky animal! Sweet!

Lively Lori: You have a lucky animal?

Lucky Lou shows off grinning goat pendant around neck.

Wily Wendy (to Miles): Can he not come?

Miles: Ok, before we go, just a bit on the ground rules for our tour. The ship will be cloaked the entire time, as will our bodies when we leave the ship. Feel free to speak as much as you like among the locals as well, because our voices will be inaudible to them. However, please refrain from touching anyone. Any interference could cause irreparable damage to the fabric of space time.

Lucky Lou: That would be unspeakably unlucky.

Wily Wendy: Oh, snafu. Luck has nothing to do with it. It's all cause and effect, Lou.

Miles (sighs): Would everyone please step into the goat and we'll be on our way.

The group piles into the goat. Miles punches in some commands on the holo-controls. A kaleidoscope envelops them as they spin through the helix of time. They end up in the year 2012. Near the goat-shaped-ship is a quaint Amish farm in the Pennsylvania countryside. They step out of the machine and into soft fields of green.

Lively Lori: Oh, how heavenly! Are you sure we're in the right time period?

Miles: Quite right, I'm afraid. Let's take a stroll up to the dairy facility.

They walk on soft grass in the faint light of dawn for a few minutes and then come upon a sturdy, rustic building. Peering inside, they find a couple hardy gentleman milking cows.

Wiley Wendy: Seems peaceful enough.

Lucky Lou: Only two people?

Miles: Everyone else on the farm is still sleeping.

Black SUV's come tearing in. Some people in black battle gear roll out and swarm into the milking facility.

Lively Lori: Ack! Who the heck are those thugs?

Thug (flashing badge at Amish guy): Freeze! Nobody move! FDA! (cackles)

Cows give frightened moo.

Amish Guy 1: You're scaring the cows.

Thug 1 (pointing gun at Amish Guy 1): This is an illegal milk operation!

Thugs start grabbing milk bottles, taking gulps, smashing bottles into ground.

Thug 1: Where are your conspirators?!

Amish Guy 2: Uh, not sure what you mean.

Thug 2: Other perps.

Both Amish guys shrug.

Thug 3 (grabs one Amish guy by the arm): Don't play dumb! Who else works here?!

Amish Guy 1: Uh, well, just our families. They're all sleeping.

Thug 2 (disbelieving voice): Likely story.

Thug 1: Family, eh? Like Cosa Nostra?

Wiley Wendy: These guys are idiots!

Miles: Wendy, you have a marvelous gift for understatement.

Thug 1 (to Thug 2): You gather evidence here in the facility. (turns to Amish guys) You're being shut down for violating federal regulations. Now take us to the so-called sleeping "family"!

Amish guys lead thugs 1 and 3 into one farmhouse. Screams of terror follow.

Miles: I believe everyone has seen enough, right?

All nod sadly and start walking back to the time machine.

Lively Lori: Why didn't those Amish guys defend their property?

Miles: Good question. You see, people of this era were trained to believe in external human authority. That badge that was flashed worked a sort of dark magic over people. People were literally trained to believe that the badge meant they had to obey.

Wiley Wendy: So you mean, if a garden variety gang with no badges did the same actions, then the Amish guys would have fought back?

Miles: More than likely, yes. You see, the belief in external human authority neutralized people's natural instinct to defend themselves and their property. They actually believed a gang with badges was legitimate, while a gang with no badges was not legitimate.

Lucky Lou: It sure is lucky the human race survived.

Wiley Wendy: Oh, there you go with your so-called "luck" again.

They get back to the time machine, pile in, and zoom off through the helix of time to their next destination. They end up in 2016 just outside of Kansas City, Missouri. After filing out of the goat.....

Miles (handing out tiny gadgets that look like four leaf clovers): Here you are, everyone. These are your frequency flyers. We'll be taking a short flight to witness our next historical scene.

Lucky Lou: I've never used a frequency flyer before.

Miles: Well then, it's your lucky day.

Lucky Lou: It's always my lucky day. I'm Lucky Lou, remember?

Miles: Yes, well, to use a frequency flyer, all you have to do is hold onto it.

Lively Lori: That's technically not true. You could keep it in your pocket.

Miles: Yes, I stand corrected, as long as it's on your person, it will reverse the frequencies of what's below you and behind you, thus keeping you thrust into the air and moving forward. (glances at pocket watch) We must get moving along if we don't want to miss the show.

Miles activates the frequency flyers and they float casually through the spring air towards a small residential area. They stop at a house with a beautiful front yard garden in full bloom.

Wiley Wendy: What a lovely garden.

Lively Lori: Why is it the only house around here with a garden?

Miles: During this time period, food production was highly centralized. Production was controlled to a large extent by enormous corporations. The vast majority of people didn't grow their own food.

Wiley Wendy: Sounds like a recipe for disaster.

Miles (spotting an oncoming car): Speaking of disaster, here comes our antagonist.

Lively Lori: Gee, thanks, spoiler alert!

Miles (cringe): Sorry.

A Prius pulls up to the curb in front of the garden.

Lucky Lou: What were those primitive vehicles called again?

Miles: Cars.

Lucky Lou: And why did people use them?

Miles: Because they were faster than horses. (huffs) Now please, pay attention.

Stuffy looking guy with badge gets out of Prius, walks up to house. Knocks loud and obnoxiously. Garden grower answers door.

Stuffy: Good afternoon.

Garden Grower: It was before you showed up.

Stuffy: Do you know why I'm here?

Garden Grower: Well, you have a badge, so I suppose you're here to harass me, at least. Murder me, at most.

Stuffy: It's about your garden. It's against a new city statute.

Garden Grower: That's absurd!

Stuffy: I don't make the rules, I just enforce them. I have to give you a ticket.

Garden Grower: Can't you just give me a warning or something?

Stuffy (rips huge pink ticket from pad, hands it to Garden Grower): It's a 500 dollar fine for the first day in violation, and another 10,000 dollars a day after that, until the garden is neutralized.

Garden Grower: Neutralized?

Stuffy: Destroyed. You can do it yourself right now and only pay 500 dollars, or you can wait for a Code Compliance and Maintenance worker to come out and do it for you.

Garden Grower: How long will that take?

Stuffy: Well, the state gets 10,000 a day from you for every day the garden stays, so use your imagination. Not soon.

Lucky Lou is playing catch with his frequency flyer and accidentally drops it. He falls to the ground and makes a huge thud, along with a whiny yelp of pain.

Stuffy (alarmed): What was that?

Garden Grower: Just my garden ghost. Probably not happy you're trying to destroy its home.

Lucky Lou: They can hear me?

Miles: Oh, dear. We have a problem.

Stuffy: Ok, ok, I'll rip up your ticket! (scurries away) But I'm gonna send the police to investigate your freaky haunted property!

Garden Grower (shrugs): Well, that didn't turn out so bad.

Prius tires screech in hasty and frantic exit.

Miles: Ok, everyone get back to the goat.

Garden Grower: Goat? (throws hands in air) I need a nap.

As they float back towards the time machine.....

Miles: Minor equipment malfunction. Not to worry. The tour is finished, anyway.

Wiley Wendy: They could hear us, though. What about that whole fabric of space time thing?

Miles (casual): Oh, I'm sure it'll be fine. We haven't disintegrated yet, so that's a positive sign.

Lively Lori: How comforting.

Lucky Lou: So, there's one thing I don't get.

Lively Lori: Only one?

Lucky Lou: Why was that guy with the badge trying to destroy the garden?

Miles: Because he was trained to follow orders and not conscience. Literally millions of immoral crime creation devices, so-called "laws", were written and large gangs of people were paid to enforce them. Remember, during this time, most people didn't know the difference between right and wrong.

Wiley Wendy: But who was giving the orders? And why?

Miles: Other humans gave the orders, of course. These so-called laws regarding food were written and enforced to achieve more than one objective. First, by restricting people's ability to have a self-sufficient, sustainable food supply, a great deal of power was put into the hands of the large food corporations that I mentioned earlier. This allowed for the controlled degradation of the food supply, thus making people easier to control. Also, criminalizing food production created a wealth

extraction tool for the mafia known as the state. Fines, fees, licenses and so forth. All were effective tools of extortion on a local and global level.

Lively Lori (shuddering): That's so diabolical!

Wiley Wendy: What an insane society! On second thought, maybe it's better we don't try the food from this time period.

Miles: Yes, it certainly wasn't the purest and most nutritious, that's for sure.

Lucky Lou: Well, at least that guy gets to keep his garden.

Miles: Yes, that wasn't supposed to happen, but as long as the timeline remains intact, I guess it's for the best.

They get into the metallic goat and zoom back to a more sane time of voluntary human interaction.

Episode 7

Guide: Welcome to the tour, everyone. My name is Miles. You've all chosen to see the banality of early 21st century slavery. Any questions before we begin?

Rhythmic Rick: Will we have music on the journey?

Miles: We don't really have time for that, as it's quite a short trip, sorry.

Jovial Jovelle: Short? I thought we were going back over 500 years.

Miles: Yes, well, I meant relatively speaking, it will seem short for us.

Creative Kat: I wouldn't mind some background music, actually.

Miles: While I appreciate your suggestion, I suggest you leave it in the suggestion box after the tour.

Jovial Jovelle: Hmmm, maybe some music from the time period!

Miles: I believe you're not comprehending what I'm saying.

Creative Kat: Yeah, maybe some Bach or something!

Rhythmic Rick: Hello! Wrong century!

Creative Kat: What are you, a musical historian?

Rhythmic Rick: Actually, I am. How about some gangster rap? That should pair nicely with what we're about to see!

Miles: Well, I must say, this is unorthodox, but I suppose if everyone wants to, we could have the computer play music for us only, while shielding it from those we're observing.

Jovial Jovelle: Should be quite joyous!

Miles: Ok, very well.

Miles gives voice command and control panel appears. He punches some snazzy buttons. Titanic double doors slide open. The time machine, in the shape of a 48 foot tall Iguana, is revealed. All gasp.

Jovial Jovelle: I'm not so fond of lizards.

Miles: Yes, I understand, but you do realize it's not a real lizard. It's completely synthetic.

Jovial Jovelle: How comforting.

Miles: Ok, before we go, just a bit on the ground rules for our tour. The ship will be cloaked the entire time, as will our bodies when we leave the ship. Feel free to speak as much as you like

among the locals as well, because our voices will be inaudible to them. However, please refrain from touching anyone. Any interference could cause irreparable damage to the fabric of space time. The group piles into the iguana. Miles punches in some commands on the holo-controls. A kaleidoscope envelops them as they spin through the helix of time. They end up in the year 2019, just outside of a grand concrete building with numerous archways. The group steps out.

Creative Kat: Beautiful building! Is it a church?

Miles: A government building, so not far off.

Rhythmic Rick: Did you just use a euphemism?

Miles: Yes, excuse me. When I say government, I mean mafia with fancy titles.

Rhythmic Rick: So how about that music?

Miles: Ah, yes, very well. Computer, play something fitting from this time era.

The ship's computer beams Kanye West's "Gold Digger" directly into their ears.

Jovial Jovelle: Nice beat, but why is this fitting?

Miles: Glad you asked. We are at what was called a "Customs Office". Let's go ahead and step inside so we can see violent repression of free trade in action, shall we?

They cross the street and enter one of the archways. Inside, they find various smug, slothful, ignorant aggressors behind desks. Ignorant victims are busy scurrying around, making paper copies, waiting in long lines, and looking impatiently at the time on their phones. A man gets called up to one of the desks.

Miles: Let's watch this interaction.

Ignorant Aggressor behind desk: Papers, please.

Ignorant victim nervously hands over thick stack of papers. Aggressor flips through and makes various smug noises.

Ignorant Aggressor: So you're trying to import bananas?

Ignorant Victim: That's the idea.

Ignorant Aggressor: Well, these papers are way out of order. You haven't paid your secondary importer's permission tax yet. Your photo isn't the right size. Do you know what three-by-five means?

Ignorant Victim (groveling): OH, yes, of course. How silly of me.

Ignorant Aggressor: And the stamp on your notorized copy of your health inspection is in the wrong location. It should be top right corner, not bottom left.

Ignorant Victim: Um, well, I'm sure you understand that I didn't stamp it. The health office notary did, so it's not really my fault.

Ignorant Aggressor: Just doing my job! You'll have to get a different stamp.

Ignorant Victim: But I'm so short on time! Couldn't you just make an exception, please?

Ignorant Aggressor (disinterested): Not my problem. Oh, and it'll be another 100 dollar re-filing fee the next time you come see me. And we don't accept cash. Credit cards only.

Miles: Now is the background music starting to make sense?

Creative Kat: Far too much, unfortunately.

Jovial Jovelle: How unjovial of them!

Rhythmic Rick: Quite! And what was a dollar, exactly?

Miles: It was a violence-backed fiat currency.

Creative Kat: So let me get this straight. All of those people behind desks work for an extortion funded mafia called government. And all the other people are asking for permission to import goods. And in order to get this permission, they have to spend tons of time, attention, and energy to obtain special pieces of paper and stamps.

Miles: Yes, that's right.

Jovial Jovelle: And what would happen if they didn't get permission and just imported stuff anyway?

Miles: Then they would get extorted, their stuff stolen, and possibly kidnapped and thrown in a cage.

Rhythmic Rick: And these people thought they were free?

Miles: Yes, isn't that darkly humorous? On top of all that, during this time period, there were many thousands of pages of documents called "free trade agreements".

Creative Kat vomits.

Miles (frowning): Oh, dear. Are you ok?

Creative Kat: Just too much nausea from slaves thinking they're free.

Miles: Yes, I understand. Perhaps we'll move on. There's frequency medicine for nausea in the ship, if you'd like. This isn't the first time this has happened.

All nod. They walk into the iguana's shiny, metallic belly.. Creative Kat is soothed by anti-nausea frequencies. The ship zips through the layers of time and they end up in the year 2020, in an enormous parking lot that is nearly empty. They step out and start walking.

Rhythmic Rick: Wow, I love these antique transportation vehicles. What were they called?

Miles: Cars, and they used petrol as fuel.

All giggle at the primitiveness.

Miles: Now, if you see, there is a large building with absolutely no esthetically redeeming values very far in front of us.

Jovial Jovelle: Yeah, what is it?

Miles: It's a place called a retail store. More specifically, stores like this were sometimes called "big box stores". The name of this one in particular is called "Wal-Mart". At this time, these stores were quickly becoming obsolete because of decentralized markets fueled by technology. We'll be going in to view some specifics on commerce of this era.

They walk over the enormous, nearly desolate asphalt plane. As they near the store, a pigeon slams into Rhythmic Rick's back.

Rhythmic Rick: Ouch! What the heck?

Miles: Oh, dear. A city chicken has struck you! Are you ok?

Rhythmic Rick (grasping at back): Yeah, I guess.....

Flustered pigeon wobbles on ground.

Jovial Jovelle: So um, about that fabric of space-time thing? Does this count?

Miles: Technically, yes. But it's quite minor.

Creative Kat: How will we know?

Miles: Well, the general theory is that if we're still here in 3 minutes, then it's ok.

Creative Kat: General theory? So much for the "exact science" of time travel, huh?

Jovial Jovelle: Why 3?

Miles: I don't know, I'm not a time mechanics professor. Now can we please continue?

They walk through the automatic sliding doors of a super wal-mart and start gawking around.

Rhythmic Rick: Wow, look at the size of that pharmacy!

Miles: Yes, there was no shortage of symptom and death management poison pills during this time. How's your back?

Rhythmic Rick: Kinda sore, but nothing I want to poison myself over.

Miles: Is there anything you'd like to poison yourself over?

Rhythmic Rick: Good point. No. I can wait til we get back to the ship. Oh, and can you put on more music?

Miles: Certainly. Computer, play something appropriate.

God's Gonna Cut You Down by Johnny Cash starts playing.

Miles: Let's go over there, where the people are paying for their goods.

They go next to a lady who has just finished ringing up a cart full of groceries and electronics.

Miles: Please turn your attention to the computer screen. Do you see where it says "TAX"?

All nod.

Miles: Does anyone know what a tax is?

Jovial Jovelle: Extortion!

Creative Kat: Slavery!

Miles: Both correct!

The woman hands the cashier a plastic card.

Miles: She's paying with something that was called a "credit card". It was a primitive electronic method to make payments.

Rhythmic Rick: She's just going to pay without objecting to the extortion?

Miles: Yep. Nobody here will object to the extortion. Or did, rather.....damn time paradoxes. Anyway, this is why this particular tour is called "The Banality of Slavery". Slavery was built into everyday life so seamlessly, that people didn't object to it. Actually, they didn't even know they were slaves. They thought they were free!

Creative Kat: How unspeakably hideous!

Jovial Jovelle: Humanity sure has come a long way since then! Or now.....whatever.

Miles: Well, that concludes our tour. Back to the iguana, everyone.

They go back through the parking lot wasteland, into the time-warping iguana, and head back to their voluntary future.

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